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UNSUNG SONGS

By O. W. COXEN

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By Omar W. Coxen, Elwood, Ind

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EXPLANATORY

IN presenting these, The Unsung Songs of "an unknown singer singing in obscurity." I have no excuses to make further than to say that they do not represent years of reading and research, nor the "burning of mid-night oil," but are, with few exceptions, the thoughts that have come to me while engaged in my daily occupation—that of city letter carrier—and written down at my leisure.

They were written, primarily, with the hope that they might be sold as popular songs; but it seems, I was unable to inject enough nonsense into them to please the fancy of the popular music publishers and too much for those who are on classics bent.

I therefore give them to the public in this form and hope that the reader may find some enjoyment in their perusal.

THE AUTHOR.

MY LITTLE BOY BLUE.

My little boy blue, when evening comes
  Will climb upon my knee,
With many a kiss and kind caress,
  With many a shout of glee.
So then I toddle him up and down
  Till at last he goes to rest—
He's off on a trip to shut-eye-town—
  With his head upon my breast.

While little boy blue is lying there
  I gaze down in his eyes;
And thoughts will come of a far off day
  With fair autumnal skies;
When little boy blue, has no golden hair,
  And has laid all his toys away,
Shall be a man, with worldly care,
  While his dad is old and gray.

Will little boy blue, when that day comes,
  Forget the times he's had,
When he was just a little tyke
  A-riding the knees of dad?
Although I know this may be true,
  The thought don't make me sad,
For perhaps some day a little boy blue
  Will call me his gran'dad.

CHASING A BUTTERFLY.

A golden haired boy on a bright summer's morn
  Was chasing a butterfly.
It's little he knows of the troubles and woes
  That will come to his life by and by;
With no burdens to bear, he is free from all care,
  While chasing his butterfly.

Refrain:—

  Chasing a butterfly.
    Just you and I,
  In age or in youth,
    I'll tell you the truth
  We're chasing a butterfly.

The golden haired boy when he grows to a man
  Still chases a butterfly,
When he calls on his love swears by angels above
  That she'll be his wife by and by
But he'll fall in a snare if he doesn't beware
  While chasing a butterfly.

——Refrain.——

The golden haired boy when he's aged and gray
  Still chases a butterfly,
And to him it seems his childhood dreams
  Will surely come true by and by.
But on that last morn at the sound of the horn
  He's chasing a buterfly.

——Refrain.——

THAT SWEET, SWEET LONG AGO.

At evening by my own fireside,
When the embers smoulder low,
I sit and think of other days
And friends I used to know;
Though other friends may cheer me now
And their hearts are true I know,
I never will forget the friends,
Of that sweet, sweet long ago.

Chorus:—
Oh! that sweet, sweet long ago,
For me still has a charm,
There is a spot, within my heart,
That yet burns bright and warm,
When, from that far off "summer land"
Come voices, soft and low,
That whisper of the good old times,
Of that sweet, sweet long ago.

When the shades of night have fallen
Over valley and o'er plain,
There comes a sweet sad feeling,
That will soothe my heart and brain;
And while I'm gazing in the fire,
My head at last bends low,
In dreams I live again those days,
Of that sweet, sweet long ago.

——Chorus.——

DREAMING OF THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

When the evening shadows gather,
When I'm sitting all alone,
To me, there come fond mem'ries
Of a fair, bright day that's flown;
And in fancy then are painted
Pictures of a radiant glow—
All my troubles are forgotten
In those dreams of "long ago."

Chorus:—
In the seeming, of my dreaming,
I can see that old homestead,
Where I spent the days of childhood,
Though since then long years have fled.
In the gloaming, oft I'm roaming,
Mid those scenes so fair and bright,
Where that dear old mother's waiting
For her wandering boy tonight.

I hear again the robins sing
Down among the old oak trees;
The Bob White's cheery call is borne
To me upon the breeze;
I can see the dear old orchard,
'Mong the fields of ripened grain,
And my heart is filled with longings
For that dear old home again.

——Chorus.——

AN OLD-FASHIONED KISS.

The doctors now days tell us
That there's microbes in the air,
That these death-dealing devils
Are round us every where.
Now while their the'ry may be true,
I have my doubts of this
When they tell me that there's microbes
In a good, old-fashioned kiss.

Did you ever "exchange microbes"
With the sweetest girl you know
While sitting in the parlor with
The light turned way down low?
If you didn't I can tell you
You have missed a lot of fun,
So if you'll listen to me
I will tell you how it's done.

First you sit down on the sofa
And you squeeze her little hand,
Then you put your arm around her
Firm as any iron band;
Then you draw her up close to you,
So there'll be no chance for slips,
Place her head upon your shoulder
With her upturned ruby lips—

Then with anticipation
Into her eyes look down;
(The color doesn't matter, if
They're blue or gray or brown.)
Way down in their depths you'll see
A glimpse of paradise
And you vow you won't change places
With an angel in the skies.

Now don't be in a hurry,
For haste may spoil the game,
But when she looks up at you
And her cheeks are all aflame;
Then with a gentle movement
Raise up her dainty chin,
So when you're good and ready
All you've got to do's wade in.

Now don't pounce down upon her
Like a mink a-sucking blood,
But, light as gently on her lips
As a bee upon a bud,
And when you've drawn the microbes
From within their fairy den,
Just take the time to draw your breath
And then wade in again.

Now what the doctors tell us
May every word be true,
But when I have a case like this
I don't feel scared,—do you?
Why if ten thousand microbes
Were in her every breath
I'd never ask the Lord above
To send me sweeter death.

BENEATH THE OLD BEECH.

Say, Jack, do you remember now
When you and I were boys,
We thought we had some troubles then,
But now they seem like joys,
Of all the happy times I've had
None seem so sweet to me
As those I passed with you, my chum,
Beneath that old beech tree.

Chorus:—

That old beech tree beneath whose shade
When we were boys we often laid
And gazing through its branches high,
We watched the clouds go floating by;
On summer days so bright and fair,
We builded castles in the air
And talked of what we'd do when men,—
I wish those days could come again.

You said you'd be a soldier bold
And would great battles win;
While I would preach the gospel true
And save the world from sin;
But in life's fiercest battles now
Don't you often long to be
A barefoot boy a-lying there
Beneath that old beech tree?

——Chorus.——

Though I'm often disappointed when
My efforts meet defeat,
I have this consolation
And to me it's very sweet—
For through that mystic glamour now
That veils the past from me,
I think I see two little boys
Beneath that old beech tree.

——Chorus.——

ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER'S CHILD.

Hark! the bells are tolling mournfully;
The dial hand has run its race,
She is gone—yes, gone forever;
Short was life to our darling Grace.

Ruthlessly the King or Terrors
Breaks the flow'ret in its bloom.
Yesterday we heard her prattle,
Now she sleeps within the tomb.

Clad in innocents' swanlike garments,
Ice cold in the grave she lies.
And we pray to God in heaven
We shall meet in Paradise.

Then fare you well, sweet Gracie darling,
May you ever slumber sweet;
Sleep on calmly in your prison,
Sleep on till again we meet.

THINKING OF THE PAST.

"Jever" sit out in the kitchen
When yer daily toil was done,
And all the folks had gone to bed
And left you there alone,
When everything was quiet
But the clock upon the shelf
With its everlastin' tickin'
Like 'twas talkin' to itself?

Now while yer sittin' out there
Why just as like as not
Thoughts come to you of far off days
And friends almost forgot.
Then you'll wander through the woodlands
Where you'll hear the drone of bees
And the music of the little birds
A singin' 'mong the trees.

Now while you sit there thinkin'
Don't it sometimes to you seem
That you are nothin' but a leaf
A floatin' down life's stream,
Which way up near its fountain head
Makes music with its flow,
But when the valley broadens
The goin's mighty slow?

But when you near the harbor
Where life's voyage is to end,
You'll wish sometimes you could go back
And make the trip again.
But as it is, by God decreed,
You can go back no more.
He'll let you when the evening comes
Dream 'bout the days of yore.

So next time that you sit alone,
Just look back up the stream,
You'll see some pleasant places—
And the sun will cast a gleam
Of gorgeous golden radiance
Around that little cot,
Where you passed the days of childhood,
Which can never be forgot.

So we should try to make the best
Of the journey as we go;
And not to fret or worry,
But float along as slow,
So we can see the beauties
Presented to our view,
Before we reach that harbor
Which we all are going to.

A FOND RECOLLECTION.

I will sing to you a little song
  You never heard before,
'Tis not about an old arm chair,
  Nor the shawl your mother wore;
'Tis not about the pictures
  That are hanging on the wall,
But the fondest recolection
  That mem'ry can recall.

It takes me back to other days,
  To the place where I was born;
The house stands way back from the road
  'Mong fields of waving corn;
I see mother in the kitchen—
  Smell the sav'ry odors rise—
She's sifting and she's stewing
  Yes, she's baking "punkin" pies.

I've read 'bout all the poets—
  Yes, from Riley back to Burns—
They've written many pretty things
  For which the heart oft yearns.
But it seem so very strange to me,
  Yes, fills me with surprise,
That none have sung the praises
  Of their mother's "punkin" pies.

In my travels o'er this country,
  (Man must dine where'er he goes)
I have eaten with the wild red men—
  Feasted at Delmonico's
Where they served me dainty dishes
  That I very dearly prize,
But not one could hold a candle
  To my mother's "punkin" pies.

I have been married long, long years;
  My wife can stew and bake.
She often serves me "punkin" pies—
  Not like mother used to make.
Oh, I feel so sad and lonely,
  And the tears come to my eyes,
For life don't seem worth living
  Without mother's "punkin" pies.

So when I leave this earthly scene
  And I reach that golden shore,
Where the wicked cease from troubling
  And the chilling storms are o'er;
Then when I meet my mother
  In those mansions in the skies,
The first thing that I'll ask her,
  Have you any "punkin" pies?

So now my song is ended,
  And your pardon I implore,
If I've caused you pain and anguish,
  'Bout those happy days of yore.
Some one may say 'tis sacrilege
  And my verses criticise
But he surely ne'er was hungry
  For his mother's "punkin" pies.

THE INDIAN MAID.

She had never seen them on the warpath
  From the wigwam she had never strayed
She had never seen them do the ghost dance
  Poor little Indian maid.

MY DARLING JOE.

I am sitting by the shore,
When the day is almost o'er,
Where I've sat so oft before
With my Joe.
When the sun's last fading beam
Sends across the waves a gleam
I can see as in a dream
The face of Joe.

Chorus:—

Blow, breezes blow, blow so soft and low
And bring again my love to me;
From far across the rolling sea
Then I'll be happy as can be
With my darling Joe.

It was on a summer's day,
When the world was bright and gay,
That my dear one went away,
Darling Joe.
But I'm waiting here for you
With a heart that's warm and true—
With some hugs and kisses too,
My dear old Joe.

——Chorus.——

MY OKLAHOMA HOME.

The sun shines bright in my Oklahoma home,
Where the flowers are blooming so gay;
Where the cornfields wave in the balmy summer breeze,
And the birds are singing all the day.
There my mother dear is sitting by the door
And tonight I know she will pray
That I soon will return to that "beautiful land",
To my Oklahoma home far away.

Refrain:—

Weep no more dear mother,
So weep no more I say,
For I soon will return to my Oklahoma home,
To my Oklahoma home far away.

There I used to roam 'neath the sunny skies of June,
Over hill over valley and plain.
There I used to sing by the light of the moon
With a heart that was free from all pain.
The day soon'll come when the shadow o'er my heart
Will forever pass away
When I sit once more with my mother in the door.
Of my Oklahoma home far away.

——Refrain.——

PLAYMATES.

There are old familiar faces
  Of playmates I have known,
That will often rise before me,
  Though long, long years have flown.
I, in fancy, now can see them,
  Just as in those days of yore,
When we were happy children
  Playing round the schoolhouse door.

Chorus:—
There's Jack and Jim and Harry,
    Irene, Marie and Carrie,
And browneyed Bess, the sweetest girl of all.
    There is golden-haired Louise
    Who was such an awful tease—
What a flood of recollections they recall.

That little, old red school house
  That stood beside the wood,
I never can forget it,
  And would not if I could.
For when I'm sad and lonely
  And my heart is feeling sore,
These friends will come to cheer me,
  Just as in those days of yore.

——Chorus——

THE KEEPSAKE.

In a little casket,
  Fragrant with perfume,
Lies a little keepsake,
  Just a rose's bloom,
But it brings to mem'ry,
  Many happy hours,
That were passed with Nellie
  Wandering 'mong the flowers.

Just a little keepsake
  Of a maiden fair,
Who had eyes of azure,
  Who had golden hair,
Who had often told me
  That she loved me, too,
And that to me she would
  Evermore be true.

Just a precious treasure
  Of a happy past:
I'd hoped that those days
  Would forever last.
But one day we quarrelled
  Then the dream was o'er.
Nellie's with angels now
  On that golden shore.

THE KISS MY MOTHER GAVE ME ERE SHE DIED.

There are many recollections
That will often come to me
When I'm sitting all alone at eventide,
But the sweetest one of all,
That my mem'ry can recall,
Is the kiss my mother gave me ere she died.

Chorus:—

The kiss my mother gave me ere she died
Will forever in my memory abide,
'Till I reach that golden shore
There to dwell forever more
With my dear old darling mother side by side.

That was many years ago,
I was just a little child,
When my darling mother called me to her side.
Ling'ring in my mem'ry still
Is that sweet and soulful thrill
Of the kiss my mother gave me ere she died.

——Chorus.——

MY PLAYMATE OF CHILDHOOD.

We've been playmates together,
In fair and stormy weather,
And now you're going far across the sea;
But I want to know
Before you have to go,
Will you promise to be always true to me?

Chorus:—

Yes, I will be true,
My sweetheart to you
Where'er on this earth I may roam;
And ne'er will I forget
Until life's sun has set,
The playmate of my childhood's home.

Though the parting will grieve me,
I know you'll not deceive me,
And to you I wish God speed on your way;
Oh, what comfort they'll be,
These words you've said to me,
While I'm waiting for your coming home some day.

——Chorus——

THE SONGS OF OTHER DAYS.

I have heard many songs of soldier boys,
I have heard many songs of love,
I have heard many songs of mothers dear
Who have gone to that home above.
I have heard many songs of Fatherland,
I have heard many songs of praise,
But the songs for me, that touch my heart,
Are the songs of other days.

Chorus:—
I long to hear "Love's old sweet song"
And "My Darling Nellie Gray."
"My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night,"
"Uncle Ned," and "Old Dog Tray,"
"Old Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground,"
"There Will Be One Vacant Chair,"
"Lead Kindly Light" and "Home Sweet Home,"
"Lilly Dale" and "The Maiden's Prayer."

I have heard many songs of childhood's hours,
I have heard many songs of glee,
I have heard many songs of dear old friends,
Who were left far across the sea.
I have heard many songs with thrilling airs
That the village band oft plays,
But the songs for me, that touch my heart,
Are the songs of other days.

——Chorus——

GOOD BYE NELLIE.

Down where the woodbine is twining,
Down where the honeysuckles bloom,
Down where the wildbirds are singing,
And the air's filled with perfume;
There a soldier met his sweetheart
And the poor girl began to cry,
When he told her he must leave her
And had come to say good bye.

Chorus:—
Good bye, Nellie, I must leave you
For duty calls me away,
But please do not let that grieve you
I'll come back to you some day.
When this cruel war is ended
And no longer the cannons roar,
'Neath the flag I have defended,
I'll return to you once more.

Way down on the field of battle,
Where amid the shot and shell,
You could see the colors flying,
When they wavered, stopped and fell;
Then forward there rushes a trooper
To the place where the colors lay—
And he carried the flag to viet'ry
Now he never more will say.

——Chorus.——

YOU KISSED ME IN MY DREAM.

'Tis sweet to see the old, old home
You knew in days of yore,
'Tis sweet to greet the friends of youth
And clasp their hand once more,
'Tis sweet to hear a mother sing
Whatever be her theme;
But to me there's no bliss
To compare with the kiss
You gave me in my dream.,

Chorus:—

For you kissed me in my dream last night,
You kissed me in my dream,
It filled my heart with ecstacy,
To see the love light gleam
Within the eyes, I'll always prize
As I hope my soul to redeem;
For I knew that you was to me true
When you kissed me in my dream.

'Tis sweet to wander 'mong the flowers
On balmy summer days;
'Tis sweet to hear the little birds
Pour forth their notes of praise;
'Tis sweet to sit in a shady nook
Down by the old mill stream;
But to me there's no bliss
To compare with the kiss
You gave me in my dream.

——Chorus.——

THE GOOD OLD WINTER TIME.

'Tis the time of the year I very much fear
Good old winter time;
For the coughs and the sneezes are caused by the breezes,
Good old winter time.
Then when I get home I never will roam
Less to a much warmer clime.
For to me it is clear, 'tis colder each year
The good old winter time.

Chorus:—

In the good old winter time, in the good old winter time,
Sitting by a cozy fire—when the clock strikes nine
You're ready then to go to bed, to me it's a very good sign
A man should stay at home of nights in the good old winter time.

You may say it is nice to slide on the ice,
Good old winter time;
But you are a liar; you'll sit by the fire
Good old winter time.
For I know it at last by winter's cold blast
This life's no beautiful rhyme,
For I'm coughing and sneezing, my feet's nearly freezing—
The good old winter time.

——Chorus.——

MY SWEETHEART'S OLD LETTERS.

I was searching through some rubbish
To see what I would find;
When I came upon a letter
From an old sweetheart of mine.
It was faded, torn and tattered,
And covered o'er with mould,
But the story that I read there
Was the one that ne'er grows old.

Chorus:—

'Twas a letter from my sweetheart,
My lost love of long ago,
Whose face I see oft in my dreaming,
Whose bonnie eyes of blue
Were so tender, kind and true,
In which the love light was gleaming.

What fond memories it awakens
As I read again those lines,
When we both were gay and happy
As we wandered 'neath the pines.
But I never will forget her
As long as life shall last;
This letter from my sweetheart
Still binds me to the past.

——Chorus——

THOSE OLD CARPET SLIPPERS.

The home of my childhood how sad to remember,
I never can see the old place any more,
But as long as I live, will always remember,
Those old carpet slippers my dear mother wore.

They were faded and worn and all full of stitches
But, oh! I remember they made one feel sore,
As they played a rat tat on the seat of my breeches,
Those old carpet slippers my dear mother wore.

And often at eve when returned from the swimming,
I would always slip up to the back kitchen door,
To try and get in without getting a trimming
From those carpet slippers my dear mother wore.

I've wandered all over this wide world of sorrow,
And often would think of those old days of yore
And it maybe that sometimes I trouble would borrow,
As I thought of those slippers my dear mother wore.

But now she is gone to the angels—God' bless her,
And now I have nothing to fear from that score,
But as long as I live I'll cherish those slippers,
Those old carpet slippers my dear mother wore.

PORK AND BEANS.

You may talk about your hominy,
But I want none in mine,
Your 'taters sweet and 'possum meat
I'll grant that they are fine,
And you in the joyous springtime
Can have your mustard greens;
But none of these can e'er compare
With good old pork and beans.

Chorus:—

Good old pork and beans,
We had down on the farm,
Good old pork and beans,
For me still has a charm.
For when I'm very hungry
Yes, hungry as can be
A good old mess of pork and beans
Is just the thing for me.

I've traveled many weary miles
O'er mountains and o'er streams
I've traveled with our president
(At least I have in dreams)
I've traveled from Chicago
Way down to New Orleans,
But it always made me homesick
To think of pork and beans.

——Chorus.——

I often think of other days
That are forever gone,
I believe they were the brightest
The sun has e'er shown on.
I often long to see once more
Those happy childhood scenes;
My mouth begins to water when
I think of pork and beans.

——Chorus.——

A FICKLE SWEETHEART.

I loved that girl sincerely,
I loved her good and true,
She fell in love with another man
So what was I to do?

The last time that I saw her
She told me we must part,
I told her I didn't care a "cuss"
Though it almost broke my heart.

For we'd been friends together
For lo, these many years;
We'd traveled down the trail of life
Through this vale of tears.

So when my days are over,
Should we meet on earth no more,
I hope to meet that girl I loved
When I reach that golden shore.

TAKE CARE, TAKE CARE.

In early life
'Fore I knew strife
Or felt the touch of care,
Ev'ry morning
I'd get warning
When mother said, "take care, take care."
When mother said, "take care."

As I grew old
I got more bold
And soon I learned to swear;
When father heard
Me swear a word.
He said, "my son, take care, take care."
He said, "my son, take care."

When in my teens,
I wore blue jeans,
For girls I did not care
And would them tease;
Some said "don't please"
And others said, "take care, take care."
And others said, "take care."

And when at last
Tho' years had passed
I fell in cupid's snare;
My wife will say
'Bout every day,
"Of the baby you take care,, take care"
"Of the baby you take care."

I went one night
When I felt right
To church down on the square;
The preacher said,
"You'll soon be dead
If you do not take care, take care."
"If you do not take care."

So when I die
And go on high
To regions bright and fair;
St. Peter then
Will say again,
"Why did not you take care, take care."
"Why did you not take care."

Then I must go
Way down below
Where they have heat to spare;
Old Satan may
To me then say
"I guess you best stay there, ah there."
"Get in there and stay there."

I'M SIGHING FOR SOME ONE TO LOVE ME.

As I strolled out one evening,
In the quiet twilight's gloom,
When the field and orchard blossoms
Filled the air with sweet perfume;
I saw a maiden passing,
Just over 'cross the way,
And as I listened closely
I heard her sing this lay:

Chorus:—

I'm sighing for some one to love me,
I'm weary of living alone,
Some one to press me, one who'll caress me,
And call me his onliest own;
Together in some cozy cottage,
With one that is tender and true,
Just to hug and to kiss—oh! won't that be bliss,
'Most any nice man will do.

Now on a summer's evening,
While sitting by the door,
My sweetheart sits beside me,
As in the days of yore.
We talk about that meeting
Though now our hair is gray,
For never since that evening
Has she had cause to say:

——Chorus.——

YES I'LL LOVE YOU WHEN YOU'RE OLD.

When the evening dews were falling,
When the stars begin to shine,
Down the Lover's Lane I wandered
With my sweetheart's hand in mine;
When we reached the rustic arbor,
That sweet story then was told;
She whispered "yes" then to me said,
"Will you love me when I'm old?"

Chorus:—

Yes, I'll love you when you're old,
When your hair has turned to gray,
Yes, I'll love you when you're old
In the same old way.
So do not let that grieve you,
For 'till I have to leave you,
Sweetheart, I'll always love you
In the same old way.

Long years have passed away since then,—
Have flown by like a dream,
Yet still within my sweetheart's eyes
I can see "loves kindling beam."
Though I've gained no fame nor riches—
I have neither lands nor gold—
She just as fair to me today
Though she now is growing old.

——Chorus.——

THE MUSIC OF THE OLD VILLAGE BELLS.

Upon a summer's e'en, I returned to the scene,
Where I'd spent many happy, happy hours,
There's none left to greet me, upon the village green
Where I played when a child among the flowers.
The school house on the hill, is standing up there still,
The birds are singing gaily in the dells,
But five years had been long since I had strolled along,
To the music of the old village bells.

Chorus:—

The old village bells, whose melody swells
In the evening over the lea,
And whose soothing chimes, recall happy times,
Spent with friends that were so dear to me,
My heart's full of love for those gone above,
A sigh from my bosom now wells—
I'm longing in truth, for friends of my youth,
As I list to the old village bells.

As I stroll down the street—to my mem'ry so sweet,
All the faces that I met were so strange,
'Till I met an old man, whom I took by the hand,
And I asked him the causes of the change.
Then the old man so gray, from his eye wipes away,
A tear when he the story sadly tells,
With many words of praise for friends of other days,
To the music of the old village bells.

——Chorus.——

When the story was done, at the set of the sun,
I was feeling so unhappy and lone.
The friends of other days, had long since passed away,
But no longer their loss I will bemoan.
If when I'm cold and still, I can rest by the rill,
That flows so gently through the shady dells.
If at the close of day, I may be laid away
To the music of the old village bells.

——Chorus.——

THE FARM BOYS' LONGING.

A farmer boy in the meadow was mowing,
On a hot sultry morning in June,
The gentle cows on the hillside were lowing,
When he stopped with himself to commune.
But the sun kept getting hotter and hotter,
To the boy's eye there now comes a tear,
As he says: "I'm so weary of this water,
And I long for some Budweiser Beer.

Chorus:—

Oh, if ever I get to be "flush,"
I will leave this old place in a rush,
For I know it is nice, to drink beer cold as ice
When it's made by Anheuser and Busch.
If I only was in with the "push,"
I would sing just as gay as a thrush,
For to me it is clear, if you want the best beer
You will have to drink Anheuser-Busch.

It's a long, long way I know to the city,
If I just had the money I'd go,
To have to always stay here is a pity,
For this life in the country's so slow.
Of course I will have to leave the old homestead,
And the friends that to me are so dear,
But I've stayed around here, now till I'm half dead,
With a longing for Blue Ribbon Beer .

Chorus:—

Oh, the Blue Ribbon beer, to me it is clear,
It's the best that has ever been brewed,
And I really think, if I just had a drink,
I would be in a happier mood.
Yes I'd be as gay as a skylark in May
As he pours forth his loud notes of cheer
Then take my advice, if you want something nice
Drink a bottle of Blue Ribbon Beer.

SUBSIDIZING.

They've subsidized the railroads,
They've subsidized the press,
The legislature's subsidized,
The governor, too, I guess.
They even tried to subsidize
The ships that sail the sea
But in their subsidizing schemes
They've left out you and me.

IT IS NOT BECAUSE YOU'RE PRETTY.

Said a lady to her lover,
As they wandered through the clover,
When the moon was shining brightly in the sky,
"You have often said you'd love me
While the stars were shining 'bove me
But you never yet have told the reason why."

Chorus:—

"It is not because you're pretty,
It is not because you're witty,
It is not because you have a revenue,
Not because you sing so sweetly,
Not because you dress so neatly,
It is just because I know your heart is true."

Said the lover to his lady,
Down there in that nook so shady,
And where all the world seemed free from care and strife,
"Now I've told you o'er and o'er
You're the one I most adore
Will you promise that some day you'll be my wife?"

——Chorus.——

MY PEARL, MY HONEY GIRL.

On a summer's night
When the moon shines bright,
And the air seems filled with fairies;
To some pretty miss
You'll be saying this
While strolling o'er the praries.

Chorus:—

Oh, my Pearl, my honey girl,
I can not do without you,
In my brain there is a pain
Caused by thinking 'bout you.
Wont you say, you'll name the day
I may fold my arms about you;
For my Pearl, my honey girl,
I can not do without you.

Then in after years
Through a mist of tears
When sad, sad thoughts pursue you;
You in fancy then
Will say again
As her sweet face comes to you.

——Chorus.——

WHEN THE LILACS BLOOM AGAIN.

Sweetheart, do you remember
When the lilacs bloom again—
The last time that I met you
By the old gate down the lane?
Though I went away in anger
And the parting gave you pain,
Sweetheart, wont you forgive me
When the lilacs bloom again?

Chorus:—
When the lilacs bloom again
Down in the shady dell,
Sweetheart, wont you forgive me—
You know I love you well.
Tell me you still love me,
Don't let me plead in vain,
But say that you'll forgive me.
When the lilacs bloom again.

Sweetheart, do you remember
When the lilacs bloom again—
How oft we strolled together
Adown the shady lane?
Though those days are passed away
And can never come again,
Sweetheart, wont you forgive me
When the lilacs bloom again?

——Chorus——

Sweetheart, do you remember
When the lilacs bloom again—
The one who can't forget you
Whose love will never end;
Who wishes now that you'd forgive
And to him a message send.
"Wont you come back to me, my love,
When the lilacs bloom again?"

——Chorus——

THEN AND NOW.

It used to be in Auld Lang Syne
When you sent a girl a valentine;
She looked for cupids, doves or larks,
But now she looks for $ $ $.

THE FLAG.

'Tis a beautiful flag with its silvery stars
And its stripes of white and of red;
The emblem of freedom, of justice, and right,
For which our forefathers bled.

A CUP OF SASSAFRAS.

The German likes his lager beer,
I sometimes think it is fine;
The Englishman his half and half,
The Frenchman likes his wine;
But to the old time Hoosier
There's nothing can surpass
The appetizing fragrance of
A cup of sassafras.

When winter's chilling storms are o'er
And the frost is out the ground,
When round about on every hand
Harbingers of spring are found.
You'll find that none are surer—
You can see it as you pass—
Piled on the grocer's counter a
Whole lot of sassafras.

And now my recollection
Takes me back to other days,
To those glad scenes of childhood
Which the poets always praise,
And to me there comes a picture
Which from mem'ry ne'er will pass
T'is a picture of my mother
Pouring out the sassafras.

I, in fancy, see the table
With the family gathered round;
I hear the clink of dishes,
T'is to me a pleasant sound—
But the best part of that picture
Can come no more, alas—
To have my mother help me
To a cup of sassafras.

So when my time has come to go
To that home beyond the blue,
Away up there beyond the stars—
Holes for angels to peep through;
I know I'll not be happy
When springtime rolls around.
Unless I find that patch of woods
Where the sassafras is found.

TO WESLEY.

Oh Wesley, dear Wesley,
How fast the time has flown.
The harvest time will soon be here
When we'll reap as we have sown.
And when we reach that judgment seat
Up there before our Lord,
On bended knees with head bowed low,
We'll get our last reward.

WHEN I SIT BESIDE MY MOTHER'S KNEE AGAIN.

When the evening stars shine bright,
Or the full moon's golden light,
Call up mem'ries that are ever dear to me.
It is then I sit and sigh,
For the happy days gone by,
And I wonder when my mother's face I'll see.
She's the one that I love best,
And before she goes to rest,
She prays to God in Heaven to watch o'er me.
Oh! it makes my poor heart sad,
And I know I'll ne'er be glad,
'Till I sit beside my dear old mother's knee.

Chorus:—

My darling old mother,
To me there's no other
On this earth that can with her compare.
For when I was a child
With a word and a smile,
She would drive away sorrow and care.
Oh how happy I'll be,
When her dear face I see,
After long years of sorrow and pain.
For to me there's no bliss,
That can e'er equal this,
When I sit by her knee once again.

At the setting of the sun,
When my daily task is done,
There's a feeling that will often steal o'er me,
That the time is drawing near,
Yes, I think its almost here,
When again my dear old mother's face I'll see.
For the day will come at last,
When my troubles will be past,
What a heaven on this earth it then will be,
For when I again get home
No, I never more will roam,
But will stay beside my dear old mother's knee.

——Chorus.——

MY BOWLING GREEN GIRL.

Oh, away down in Bowling Green,
Is the sweetest girl I've ever seen;
Her eyes are blue—hair a golden hue,
She's the prettiest girl in the world I ween.
When I parted from her on a summer's e'en,
She said to me with a smile serene,
I'll be true to you, my whole life through
And will wait for you in Bowling Green.

When I go back to Bowling Green
Where the skies are fair, the grass so green,
You bet your life she'll be my wife,
She'll be my own Kentucky queen.
I conjure up a happy scene,
A cot all covered with ivy green,
Where with words of praise I'll spend my days
With my true love in Bowling Green.

WHEN THE LEAVES TURN FROM GREEN TO RED AND GOLD.

When the leaves begin to turn from green to red and gold
And a haze obscures the scenes across the wold,
There's a pain comes to my heart and I know I soon must part
From the ones I love, for I am growing old—
Though the fact may be well hidden, yet this thought will come unbidden,
When the leaves begin to turn from green to red and gold.

When the leaves begin to turn from green to red and gold,
When nature in all her beauty I behold,
Oh! the woods down in the glen, make a pretty picture then,
Where so often with my sweetheart I have strolled—
But a tear bedims my eye, as I think of days gone by,
When the leaves begin to turn from green to red and gold.

When the leaves begin to turn from green to red and gold,
Then may I be laid away beneath the mold
Of the churchyard in the glade, underneath the oak trees' shade,
In the evening when the village bells are tolled—
There to rest until that morn—until Gabriel blows his horn,
And all the leaves have turned from green to red and gold.

BEAUTIFUL BONNIE BLUE-EYED NELL.

Oh! beautiful, bonnie blue-eyed Nell
How much I love you none can tell.
Say you'll be mine, in a little while,
With your form petite and winsome smile.
In some secluded, shady spot
I'll prepare a little cot
Where we in peace and love can dwell;
Won't you say yes, oh! bonnie Nell?

Oh! beautiful, bonnie, blue-eyed Nell,
You surely know I love you well,
For by the stars that shine above
You are the only girl I love;
I tell you truly that thou art
The very idol of my heart;
Your winning ways by far excel
The other girls, Oh! bonnie Nell.

Oh! beautiful, bonnie, blue-eyed Nell
Rapturous scenes before me well,
A far off isle 'neath peaceful skies
O'er which no storm clouds ever rise,
Where fragrant flowers perfume the air
And you and I together there—
Where we will dwell in perfect ease
Just like the birds among the trees;
'Tis plain to me for your eyes tell
Your answers' yes, my bonnie Nell.

THREE B'S.

You will not cut much figure
In the social atmosphere
Without Beauty, or Boodle, or Brains.

JUST A DREAM OF NELLIE.

The sweet face of an angel hovered 'round me as I slept,
And in dreams I lived again those happy hours,
When with my sweetheart Nellie, upon a summers' day
We wandered hand in hand among the flowers;
It was then I told that story, which with telling ne'er grows old,
It was then she promised she would be my bride;
But by cruel fate's decree, it can never, never be,
For the angels called my sweetheart from my side.

In the little village churchyard, upon a summer's day,
When the golden sun was sinking in the west,
Underneath the old oak tree, that is standing on the hill,
They laid the form of Nellie down to rest;
My heart was buried with her, when they laid her 'neath the sod,
And I wished that I was lying by her, too,
For until we meet above, to the one I dearly love,
To my darling sweetheart Nellie I'll be true.

It was just a dream of Nellie, that came to me last night,
Just as a vision of an angel bright and fair,
But it brought a gleam of gladness to my poor aching heart,
And it drove away my sorrow and my care;
For she threw her arms around me and pressed her lips to mine,
I, in fancy, even now feel that caress;
If to me she had been spared, she would all my joys have shared
And together lived a life of happiness.

SUMMER'S COMING.

Did you ever get up early
And hear the birds a-calling,
On a bright sunshiny morning,
Calling out their notes of warning
That the good old summer time
Would soon be here?

When you heard the birds a-calling,
Did it seem that you were younger,
When you felt that pleasant feeling
Over all your system stealing,
And you knew that summer time
Would soon be here?

When you heard the birds a-calling
Did it bring a recollection
Of those happy days of childhood
That you spent among the wildwood
With those playmates who are now
No longer here?

JINGLE OF THE MONEY IN YOUR POCKET.

When a man must work the whole day through
He's tired at night and hungry, too,
So he eats his supper and goes to bed.
Soon to this world he's the same as dead.
But when a pay day at last comes round,
He draws his wages and goes down town,
His spirits will rise just like a rocket
When he feels that money in his pocket.

Chorus:—
When he hears that money jingling in his pocket
It's music drives away his care,
And for a little while, at least, he's happy—
He feels just like a millionaire.

Then on Sunday dressed in his best clothes,
On his bosom wearing a big, red rose,
And a gold-headed cane he may be sporting
When he goes out among the girls a-courting.
But Monday tells a different story,
He is shorn of all his glory,
Things seems to be all out of socket
He hasn't got a dollar in his pocket.

Chorus:—
When he has no coin to jingle in his pocket
It almost drives him to despair,
But he goes to work, and he often wonders
If he'll ever be a millionaire.

THE FISHMONGER.

Oh; list to the story I have to relate
It is one you have heard if you're up-to-date
You've heard the fishmonger as he goes along
At the top of his voice a-singing this song:

Chorus:—
Don't you wish some fresh fish?
Don't you wish some fresh fish?
Don't you wish some fresh fish today?
Oh, I tell you they are nice,
For I keep them on ice.
Don't you wish some fresh fish today?

He is out at the very first break of the morn
And blows a few blasts upon his old horn,
Then he keeps on the go till the close of the day
An all the time merrily singing away.

——Chorus.——

He teaches a lesson that we should all learn,
And not for the riches of others to yearn;
No matter what happens be cheerful and gay
And like the fishmonger keep singing away.

——Chorus.——

JUST FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE.

Last night as I lay dreaming
Of that sunny long ago,
When you and I were sweethearts—
You remember yet I know—
There came a change of feeling
And I then saw my mistake,
So I'm writing you this letter,
Just for old times' sake.

Chorus:—

I am writing you this letter,
Just for old times' sake,
Excuses for my conduct
I will not attempt to make;
Though I went away in anger
And caused your heart to ache,
I know that you'll forgive me,
Just for old time's sake.

You told me on that evening,
When I went away from you,
That you would always love me
And that to me you'd be true,
That when, if e'er, in after years,
Fond mem'ries should awake,
To write to you, a line or two,
Just for old times' sake.

——Chorus.——

I NEVER CAN FORGET MY DARLING NELL.

In the gloaming,
I go roaming,
Down the valley of Wyoming
To the home of my lost sweetheart, little Nell;
By the little cabin door,
She awaits for me no more,
She has gone up where the white-robed angels dwell.

In the seeming
Of my dreaming
I can see the love light gleaming,
In her eyes as in that sunny long ago,
When together on the strand,
We were strolling hand in hand,
Telling tender tales of love, so sweet and low.

Oft I'm sighing,
Sometimes crying
And I wish that I was lying
By my sweetheart's side down in that shady dell.
Though 'tis years since last we met,
Her sweet face still haunts me yet,
For I never can forget my darling Nell.

AN IRISHMAN'S LAMENT.

On the nineteenth day of January
In eighteen ninety-four
I left the town of Tipperary,
To come to the American shore.

I got a job as a policeman,
But I don't like that anymore;
I'm going back to Tipperary
And leave the American shore.

So when I get there, I will stay there,
And I never more will roam,
For I know now however humble
There is no place to me like home.

And when again I see those dear ones
And tread the "old green sod,"
On bended knees, by the great St. Patrick,
I'll return my thanks to God.

So when I wave this old shelalah,
I mean just what I say;
I am going back to Tipperary
For I cannot stay away.

GOLDEN HAIR.

Oh, once I knew a maiden fair
With azure eyes and golden hair,
The sweetest thing found any where,
For none with her could e'er compare.

Upon a day when perfumes rare
Were floating round us everywhere;
I said unto my Lady Clare
We two would make a brilliant pair.

She said to me, with stony stare,
You've got your nerve, I do declare.
Then I went straight up in the air
'Twas enough to make a fellow swear,

When the girl he loved would even dare
To give him a lemon then and there,
Where everything was bright and fair
And almost drive him to despair.

When I see girls with golden hair,
You bet of them I will beware,
And never get caught in their snare,
For they are false as well as fair.

THAT SUNNY LAND OF KANSAS, FAR AWAY.

I have traveled from New York to California,
I have trod upon old Afric's burning sand,
I have roamed among the green fields of old England
And have strolled upon far India's coral strand;
I have wandered 'neath the sunny skies of Italy,
Where at night I gazed upon its milky way;
But to me there is no other land like Kansas
Like that sunny land of Kansas, far away.

In my dreaming I can see a little cottage
With the sunflowers blooming close beside the door,
And at evening when the golden sun is setting
I can see the sunbeams playing on the floor.
I, in fancy, now can see that dear old mother,
By whose knee long years ago I knelt to pray
And tonight my heart is longing to be with her
In that sunny land of Kansas, far away.

It was there I knew a charming little maiden
Who had golden hair and eyes of bonnie blue;
When we parted by the river in the gloaming
She told me that to me she would be true,
Though I went away and left her sad and lonely
When the fields were covered o'er with blooms of May.
That's why tonight my thoughts are fondly turning
To that sunny land of Kansas, far away.

Oh, I long to see that sunny land of Kansas,
And to roam again its valleys and its hills,
Where at evening cross the flower-sented prairies
I could hear the calling of the whippoorwills,
It was there I spent the happy days of childhood
Back to which my mem'ry now will often stray;
So tonight my heart is filled with tender longings
For that sunny land of Kansas, far away.

PARTED.

When I think of our last meeting
A sad tear comes to my eye,
For you told me you must leave me
And had come to say goodbye.
Now you're gone, perhaps forever,
But I never will forget
How you told me you'd still love,
Tho' our star of hope had set.

As we parted on that evening
When the grass was wet with dew,
By the stars that smiled above us,
You then told me you'd be true.
But the days are long with waiting,
And my heart is filled with pain,
For it seems to me that never
Shall I see your face again.

YES I'D CARE IF YOU SHOULD LEAVE ME.

When upon a summer's evening
As we wandered down the lane,
And the stars were shining brightly
It was then you caused me pain;
For it seemed as if you doubted
That to you I was true,
When you asked if you should leave me
Would I always care for you.

Chorus:—

Yes, I'd care, if you should leave me,
Yes, I'd care, if we should part,
Yes, I'd care, should you deceive me;
It would almost break my heart.
For you know I love you truly,
Love you more than lips can tell;
Come to me, then we together
Evermore in peace shall dwell.

As we parted on that evening,
When we bid our last adieu,
By the stars that shone above us,
You then told me you'd be true.
Now you're gone, perhaps forever,
But to you, I'll be true;
Though the days seem long with waiting
I will always care for you.

——Chorus——

GOOD BYE ANNABELLE.

A soldier and his sweetheart,
Upon a summer's day,
Were waiting for the time to come
When he would march away.
He whispered though I leave you
I will always love you well.
But duty calls and I must go,
So good bye, Annabelle.

Chorus:—

Fare you well, my Annabelle,
I'm going far away,
If your heart is true to your boy in blue
Wherever I may stray—
My heart will yearn 'til I return
To the one I love so well.
For none to me can ever be
So fair as Annabelle.

While doing picket duty
On a cold and stormy night,
The enemy surprised him—
He was found at morning's light.
When comrades bent to listen
To the story he might tell;
He only said, I'm going now,
So good bye, Annabelle.

——Chorus——

I WANT TO SEE THE OLD HOME AGAIN.

Though I'm getting old and gray, John, .
I know your love's as true,
As when upon that happy day
I gave my hand to you.
But oft I'm sad at heart, John,
That fact I can't deny,
And oft I long once more to see
My old home 'fore I die.

Chorus:—

I want to go back to the old home once more
Where I passed my life's happiest hours,
Where a happy young bride, I sat by your side
Surrounded by sweet blooming flowers.
Though long years have passed since I left
the old place
Far away among strangers to roam.
That dear little cot will ne'er be forgot,
For 'twill always be home, sweet home.

The grass is growing green, dear John,
Above the little mound
Where we laid our darling Mary
'Till the angels trumpets sound.
Though other friends may have a claim,
That is the sweetest tie;
So lay me there beside her, John,
When my time comes to die.

——Chorus——

AN OLD FAMILIAR STRAIN.

Could mother sing me that old song
She sang long years ago,
When I was just a little child
Beside her knee you know;
'Twould soothe this aching heart of mine
Which through long years of pain,
Has often longed to hear her sing
That old familiar strain.

Chorus:—

Nearer, my God to thee
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me.
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

The miser loves his shining gold
And all his hoarded store,
No doubt it gives him pleasure when
He counts it o'er and o'er.
But all my riches I would give
And all my worldly gain,
To hear once more my mother sing
That old familiar strain.

——Chorus.——

HERE AND HEREAFTER.

Though 'tis a sad story I have to relate,
It is one that is told, either soon or late,
For age is beginning to furrow my brow
('Tis a decree of fate to which all must bow.)
And my form feels the chill of winter's cold blast,
It makes me feel sad when I think of the past.
Though I know it is true what someone has said
"The heart casts a glamour o'er days that are dead."
Old Time is rolling along with his years
And has nothing for me but toil and tears.
With affairs of this life I have been so engrossed,
I've given no thought to the Holy Ghost,
And what is to come in the Great Hereafter—
Whether sorrow and tears or music and laughter.
But why should I murmur or why should I moan,
For I know I must reap just like I have sown,
And whatever for me the Lord has in store
I'll find when I reach that golden shore.
When the thread of my life shall snap in time's loom
Before I am laid in the cold silent tomb
I want you to come, gaze a while on my bier,
But wipe from your eyes every trace of a tear,
And say, "Old Man, all your troubles are past,
You fought a good fight, but lost at last,
And now you have gone before your Lord
On bended knees to receive your reward—
Your faults we'll forget and your virtues extol
And ask God to have mercy upon your soul.
For you did your duty the best you knew how
Though it brought no laurel wreaths to your brow.
And while your loss, brother, we deeply deplore,
And the haunts which once knew you will know you no more.
So long as we stay on this earthly scene
We'll cherish your mem'ry and keep your grave green."
So I'm only waiting for the boatman pale
(For I know I'm nearing the end of the trail)
To carry me over the dark river Styx
And then I'll be in a de'il of a fix,
For I'll find that an angel of God on high
Had kept me ever under his watchful eye,
And had written down in that book of gold
All sins I'd committed, all fibs I had told.
When I ask to see the credit of the book,
He'll say nothing there, no use to look;
You will have to go to the region below
To the place where they never have any snow.
Then down I'll go to the realms of the devil
To spend my time in a fiery revel.

Perhaps you may say I should be a preacher,
But you also know I'm too sinful a creature;
For a preacher you know should be without sin.
But 'twill be a tight squeeze for some to get in
Through those bright, pearly gates which stand ajar.
If ever I view them, it will be from afar,
For I have concluded, it may be a dream,
To just jog along and not try a new scheme
To gain me a residence on that golden street,
Where beautiful angels with crown so neat
Upon their heads, and with harps in their hands
Are making more music than four circus bands,
When they go on parade in some country town
Where the "reubens' are gathered for miles around.

TELL ME THAT YOU LOVE ME SWEETHEART.

Tell me that you love me sweetheart,
  Tell me that you love me well;
Though I went away and left you,
  Left you there alone to dwell.
But I'm coming back to you, love,
  Back to you I love so well,
But just when the day will be, love,
  I can never, never tell.

Tell me that you love me, sweetheart,
  Whisper it so soft and low,
It will cheer me in my trouble,
  It will drive away my woe.
For, I'm coming back to you, love,
  Back to you I love so well;
But just when the day will be, love,
  I can never, never tell.

In the evening, oh! my darling,
  Think not bitterly of me.
For when I return to you, love,
  We'll be happy as can be.
Yes, I'm coming back to you, love,
  Back to you I love so well;
But just when the day will be, love,
  I can never, never tell.

I'm so lonely without you, love,
  And it makes me sad to wait,
I want to feel your arms around me
  With "a smack across the gate."
Yes, I'm coming back to you, love,
  Back to you I love so well,
But just when the day will be, love,
  I can never, never tell.

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?

A man and a maid
  Down in the glade
Under a wide spreading tree;
  Said man to the maid,
  Down there in the shade,
I wish that my bride you would be.

Chorus:—

  For don't you understand,
  That when I squeeze your hand
And gaze into your eyes of blue;
  That till I'm old and gray,
  Forever and a day,
To you I will always be true.

  Then the maid replied,
  I will be your bride,
And she slyly took his hand,
  But it seems so queer
  That you are, my dear,
So hard to make understand.

——Chorus.——

WHEN THE LEAVES BEGIN TO FALL.

A soldier and a maiden fair
Upon a summer's day,
Were strolling slowly hand in hand
A-down a wooded way.
He told her he must leave her
When he heard the bugle's call,
But promised he'd come back again
When the leaves begin to fall.

Chorus:—

When the leaves begin to fall,
When the leaves begin to fall,
I will come back to you
The sweetest girl of all.
So do not let that grieve you,
For tho' I have to leave you,
I will return again
When the leaves begin to fall.

He asked her if she loved him,
If to him she'd be true;
She promised she'd be faithful
To her soldier boy in blue,
Wherever he might wander
Her heart would for him yearn;
And when the leaves begun to fall
She knew that he'd return.

——Chorus——

ON THE PRAIRIES OF NEBRASKA.

On the prairies of Nebraska
Stands a little cottage home,
Where I spent the days of childhood,
Back to which my thoughts oft roam.
There my dear old mother's waiting
And at night for me she'll pray,
For she loves me just as fondly,
Though I'm roaming far away.

Chorus:—

On the prairies of Nebraska,
When in spring the flowers bloom,
All the air is filled with fragrance
With a rich and rare perfume—
When the moon, with golden glory,
Makes the night as bright as day;
Then with friends I loved to ramble
O'er the prairies far away.

Round that old Nebraska homestead
Hangs a halo bright as gold.
Though my heart is filled with sadness
And the tears flow uncontrolled;
When alone I sit at evening
Thinking of that fair bright day
When I left my home and loved ones
In Nebraska far away.

——Chorus——

DRINK OR SMELL.

There was a time, my dear old friend,
I remember it quite well
When we sat down upon the grass
To play for drink or smell.

How often have we fishing gone
To the creek down in the dell,
To pass the time twixt bites, you know,
We played for drink or smell.

Sometimes we played the game called craps
High five, seven up or sell,
But we only had one aim in view—
One drink and the other smell.

We went on Sunday to a place
Just where I need not tell;
I held three jacks and a pair of kings
And drank and let you smell.

Those happy days are forever gone,
And many a funeral knell
Have we heard tolled o'er one whose hopes
Were to drink and not to smell.

'Twas ever thus in the game of life,
If you e'er hope to excel,
You must always hold out a pat hand
And drink but never smell.

So when our days on earth are o'er,
If we should go to —well
Old Satan then will stack the cards
And drink and let us smell.

TIME ALL WOUNDS DOTH HEAL.

Oh, say that you'll be mine, love,
And maks me happy feel;
For well do you remember, love,
That time all wounds doth heal.

Speak only just a word, love,
Do let your lips unseal;
For well do you remember, love,
That time all wounds doth heal.

Oh, do not look so cold, love,
'Twill make my blood congeal;
For well do you remember, love,
That time all wounds doth heal.

Be sure and not say "no," love,
If "no" my brain will reel;
For well do you remember, love,
That time all wounds doth heal.

I know that you'll say yes, love,
Bright visions 'fore me steal;
For well do you remember, love,
That time all wounds doth heal.

Oh, come and kiss me sweet, love,
My own for woe or weal,
For well do you remember, love,
That time all wounds doth heal.

Then happy we will be, love,
When you our "taters" peel;
For well do you remember, love,
That time all wounds doth heal.

AUG 16 1907

LIMERICKS.

There was once a young lady named Rose
Who had a great many beaux;
And now it is said
She is going to wed
The very first one who'll propose.

There was once a young lady named Ellen
Who thought she's some pumpkins at spellin';
When put to the test
She was not of the best
For she left out one "l" in Llewellyn.

There was once a young fellow named Sam
Who appeared to be meek as a lamb.
They say he don't swear
But I really declare
I believe I have heard him say dam.

There was once a young fellow named Dick
Who thought he was almighty slick;
But 'tween you and I
He drinks on the sly;
He ought to be soaked with a brick.

There was once a young fellow named Tug
He was such an innocent mug;
He was out one night
Until broad day light;
No he didn't drink—out of a jug.

There was once a young fellow named Mllo
A wise guy from Ilo Ilo;
You'll think from his speech
That he was a peach,
But I tell you he wasn't ace high though.

There was once a young fellow named Ollie,
Fell in love with a girl named Polly;
When he asked her to wed
She looke up and said,
"You're to short of hoodle, by golly."

There was once a young lady named Kate
Met her lover down by the gate;
She said "goodness knows
If he doesn't propose
The performance I'll not duplicate."

There was once a young fellow named Charley
Drank the juice of some corn and barley;
It went to his head,
He staggered and said
Its hard to walk per-pen-dic-u-lar-ly.

There was once a young fellow named Sloan,
Who a crop of wild oats had sown;
When he gets on high
To St. Peter he'll cry—
"I'm from Missouri; I'll have to be shown."

There was once a young lady named Chloe
Who always was on the go;
She'd get on her bike
And the way she'd hike
Was anything else but slow.

There was once a young lady named Mary,
And she had a lover named Harry;
They'd quarrel and fight
From morning till night
They both were so infernal contrary.

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